

*Triticum* sp. (Poaceae.) 39227. Seeds of wheat from Bombay, India. Presented by Mr. Henry D. Baker, American Consul, who secured it from Mr. Frank Harrison, Bombay. "This wheat grows wild in Kathiawar, a very dry tract on the west coast of India, north of Bombay. It is said all wheats in existence can be traced back to this stock and that it spreads from India westward via Chaldia (Mesopotamia) and Egypt, thousands of years ago. Natives who eat this wheat, declare it is more palatable and has a better food value than any of the modern varieties grown in India. It has great drought resisting properties and should do well in the arid tracts of the southern states of America. Natives collect this wheat in the jungle, and separate it from the straw by treading, i.e., cattle are made to walk over it in a circle until the grain is separated from the straw. They then pass the grain through hand querns (mills) in order to get rid of the chaff or husk, which is very thick." (Harrison.)

#### NOTES FROM CORRESPONDENTS ABROAD.

Straits Settlements. Singapore. Mr. I. H. Burkill, Director of the Botanic Garden, writes October 6 in reply to our request for information concerning his new method of shipping mangosteen seeds: "I may tell you that I have young plants growing now from mangosteen seed which were sent by parcel post to New York and returned through the Dead Letter Office. So I see no reason why we should not get live seed to you." The method according to the Gardeners' Chronicle, consisted first in washing the seeds with a weak carbolic acid solution, and then packing them in moist charcoal previously sterilized with carbolic acid. Seeds of mangosteen treated thus germinated well after a journey extending over 3 months.

China, Lanchowfu. Mr. Frank N. Meyer writes Dec. 10, 1914. "At last I have arrived here in the provincial capital of Kansu and I feel like an old-time sailing ship that has come into port, loaded full with all sorts of things. But the ship has weathered some storms and it is with the loss of the main sail that it is berthed here now. For, and this is a bad thing indeed, my interpreter and the coolie have deserted me cowardly in Siku, for fear of being killed by Tibetans!

My Dutch assistant, however, has stuck faithfully to me, which is a fine thing, for without him I would not have known what to do, as he is much better able to deal with these rough Kansu people than I am myself and understands the dialects so much better than I do.